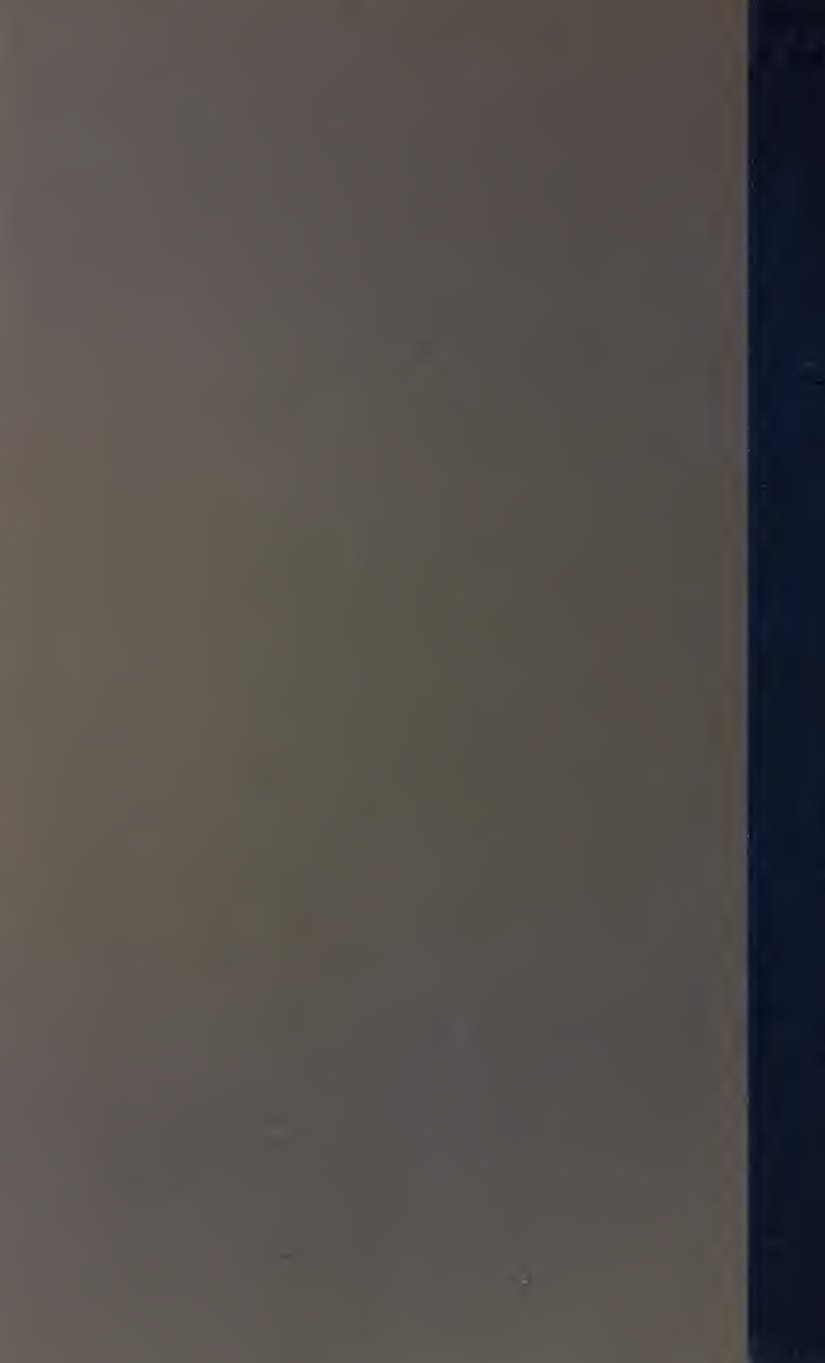


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    Handy Andy  
Original complete ed.

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1885



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# HANDY ANDY.

BY W. R. FLOYD.



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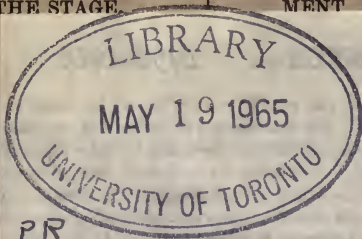
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HOW TO COMPORT YOURSELF AS A  
LADY OR GENTLEMAN.

HOW TO OBTAIN AN ENGAGE  
MENT

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*First performed at Wallack's Theatre, New York, 1862.*

*First performed at Wallack's Theatre, New York, 1862.*



[See page 4.

[illegible]

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.



## COSTUME.

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**HANDY ANDY.**—Red sleeve waistcoat, dark breeches, worsted stockings, shoes, and shock wig.  
**SQUIRE EGAN.**—Ordinary dress of a well-to-do country gentleman; morning gown and slippers in Act I.  
**SQUIRE O'GRADY.**—Blue body coat and brass buttons, cord breeches, top boots, high old-fashioned short collar.  
**MR. MURPHY.**—Old-fashioned dress-coat, dark trousers.  
**MR. FURLONG.**—Eccentric gentleman's dress, exaggerated, and in loud colours; long hair, eye-glass, cane.  
**EDWARD O'CONNOR.**—Excessively neat, spick-and-span make up.  
**SIMON.**—Ordinary livery.  
**MCQUADE.**—Shabby great-coat.  
**FARRELL.**—Ill-looking and shabby make up.  
**OONAH ROONEY.**—Rather poor dress.  
**MAD NANCY.**—Dark gown, plain shawl; dishevelled hair.  
**FANNY DAWSON.**—Light morning dress.

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Costumes not too modern, and such as would be worn by the characters in a Provincial town.

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## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

**EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. O. *Left of Centre*.

R.                      R. C.                      C                      L. C.                      L.

\* \* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

# HANDY ANDY.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Squire Egan's dressing-room. Window in L. flat—set door, L. 2 E.—toilet table, R. C.—looking-glass, small water-jug, and shaving apparatus on table—a pair of boots (fair tops) under table. SQUIRE EGAN, in dressing-gown, discovered seated L. of table—EDWARD O'CONNOR R. of table.

Eg. Yes, it's all true, that same thing, Edward, my boy:—I know that you love Fanny Dawson, and I know Fanny Dawson loves you; but then her father won't consent to your marriage till your fortune is rendered stable by the gain of your law-suit. Curse that Andy! I sent him for some hot water, to shave with, near a half-hour ago—but he's as dumb as a lobster! (Knock, L. 1 E.) Who's there?

Andy. (Poking his head in at door, L. 1 E.) It's me, sir.

Eg. Oh, it's you at last, is it? Come in.

Enter ANDY with a large tin pail.

What are you doing with that tin can?

An. I'm houldin' it—houldin' it in me hand.

Eg. What the devil are you holding it in your hand for?

An. The hot wather! ou sint me for hot wather to shave oorself!

Eg. But I didn't want you to bring it in that huge vessel.

An. Sure, it's not a vessel, sir, it's a can—a tin can—I got it below in the kitchen!

Eg. You might as well have brought it in a stable bucket!

(Turns to table, and arranges shaving implements.)

An. Well, sir, I'd brought it in the stable bucket if oo'd tould me. (Aside, going.) Begorra, there's no satisfyin' them!

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

Eg. Bring it here. (Turns round.) What, gone? Well, confound that fellow's stupidity! (Sits again.) No, Ned, you cannot gain Fanny Dawson until you gain your law-suit—unless you run away with her.

Ed. That I promised not to do.

Eg. Then you must trust to time, Heaven, and your lawyer! But Murphy tells me that the chain of evidence on your part will be destroyed by the absence of an essential link. You must have the deed given by Scatterbrain to your father.

Ed. I am almost certain that the deed you mention is in the hands of O'Grady.

Eg. Of O'Grady?

Ed. Yes.

Eg. If your suspicions are correct, I wouldn't give that (Snapping his fingers.) for your chance of recovering it. O'Grady's a blackguard, my boy.

Andy. (Poking his head in.) Sure, the girls below—the girls in the kitchen—ses there isn't that much hot wather ready, sir.

Eg. Didn't I see it a moment ago in your hand?

An. That was only the full of the can—it wasn't half the full of the stable bucket?

Eg. Go along, you stupid rascal, and bring me some hot water directly.

An. Will the can do—the tin can?

Eg. Yes, anything.

An. You tould me the bucket.

Eg. Well, no matter.

An. Will I bring it in the can?

Eg. Yes: begone, confound you

An. Very well. There's no plasin them.

[Exit Andy.]

Ed. Is that your valet, Squire?

Eg. No, he's my whipper-in,—a bold rider and a curious fellow, who never does anything without a blunder. The tenants have nicknamed him "Handy Andy."

Ed. Who is he?

Eg. The son of—but no,—he's "*filius nullius*," as the lawyers say—the son of nobody. Nobody claims him. Twenty years ago, he was picked up, a foundling, by the Widow Rooney, at that time, however, not a widow. Between the widow's daughter Oonah and Andy there's a love match going on, which affords us all considerable fun.

Ed. I must say he is excessively stupid.

Eg. True, but he means well enough, and his blunders are rather amusing than otherwise. In fact, I am surrounded by a set of blundering devils; but I have grown up amongst them—they are warmly attached to me, and I to them. They seem a portion of myself, and with all their faults, I'd rather be troubled with their blunders for ever than turn off one of those born under the shadow of my father's roof!

Ed. Such sentiments, Squire, do honour to your heart. But I will leave you to finish your toilet, and in the meantime take a stroll about the village. Perchance I may see Fanny. Good morning, Squire. (Going.)

Eg. Good morning, Ned, my boy.

Enter ANDY with tin pail—he runs against Edward.

Ed. Be careful; what are you about—you stupid fool!

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

An. It was as much your fault as it was mine—runnin' yer belly again me head.

*Eg. (At r. of table, arranging shaving materials.) Put that water down. (Andy puts pail down c.) Bring it here, blockhead!*

*An. O-o tould me to put it down!*

*Eg. Bring it here! (Andy brings it.) Set it on the table!*

*An. There's black on the bottom of it.*

*Eg. Set it down!*

*An. The bottom's dirty.*

*Eg. Will you do as I bid you?*

*(Raising chair.)*

*An. (Putting it on table.) There it is. There's black on the bottom.*

*Eg. (Taking jug from table.) Throw that out.*

*An. (Taking jug.) Throw it out?*

*Eg. Yes!*

*An. Are you in airnest, sir?*

*Eg. Of course I am, and be quick about it.*

*An. Very well.*

*(Raises window and throws jug out.)*

*Eg. What did you do that for, you infernal scoundrel?*

*An. Sure, ye tould me to throw it out!*

*Eg. Get out of this, you thick-headed villain!*

*(Throws boot after Andy, who runs off, L. 1 E.) Come back, here.*

*An. (Outside.) O-o tould me to throw it out.*

*Eg. Come back here.*

*An. Oh! I know what you want—you want to get another puke at me.*

*Eg. Come here, I tell you.*

*An. O-o tould me to throw it out. (Ad lib.)*

*Eg. Bring me that boot.*

*An. O-o tould me to throw it out.*

*Eg. (Pours some water in shaving cup.) Pick up that boot. (Puts pail of water c.)*

*An. You want to throw it at me agin.*

*Eg. Pick it up and bring it here.*

*An. (Picking up boot.) You tould me to throw it out.*

*Eg. Bring the boot here. I want you to go to the post-office.*

*An. Yis, sir, I will. (Going, L.)*

*Eg. Stop. Where are you going with that boot?*

*An. To the post-office.*

*Eg. Bring the boot here. Do you know where the post-office is?*

*An. Is it the place where they sell posts?*

*Eg. Posts, you wooden-headed vagabond; no, it's not where they sell posts—but where they get letters! The large red house.*

*An. Oh, yis, I know it very well; it's the place where they sell gunpowder. Mr. Dick sent me for gunpowder!*

*Eg. Exactly, you are right for once. They are "licensed to sell gunpowder." That's the place. Well, go there and ask for a letter for me.*

*An. I will, sir. (Going, L.)*

*Eg. Come back here, and hand me that boot.*

*An. (Bus.) You tould me to throw it out! (Drops boot in pail of water—as he stoops to take it out, Egan catches him by the ear. Andy shouts "Murder.") You tould me to throw it out!*

*(Closed in.)*

## SCENE II.—Front Scene—Landscape.

*Enter FANNY and EDWARD, L. H.*

*Fan. And now tell me, Edward, what news?*

*Ed. Alas, none but bad news! Fate denies that we should ever overcome our difficulties. I have*

nearly resolved, much as I love the very air you breathe, dear Fanny, to leave this place and in the wilds of America, drag out a miserable existence!

*Fan. Dear Edward, why despond? The clouds and darkness pass away, with a new blaze of sunshine, and the sky again becomes bright and beautiful. Forget the past,—disregard the present,—and look only to the bright future!*

*Ed. Alas, Fanny, I have no hope, unless I recover a deed, of which I now see no possibility. I am ruined, and you are lost to me for ever!*

*Enter MAD NANCE, R. She listens at back.*

*Fan. Who has the deed?*

*Ed. I think it is in the possession of O'Grady, but I cannot recover it! (Sadly.)*

*Fan. Well, Edward, cheer up,—all will yet be well. Do not despond.*

*(Going R., with Edward.)*

*Ed. Never, dearest, when you are near.*

*[Exit Edward and Fanny, R. 1 E.]*

*Nance comes down.*

*Nan. Yes, the deed is in O'Grady's possession. I know it! They call me Mad Nance, and I should be mad after what I have suffered, but I am not. O'Grady, man of fraud and wrong, thy time will soon come! Thou wilt be punished, and I avenged! My child! Where did they take my child? My Arthur! Give him back, I say! He is mine—he is the heir of his father's title and the broad lands of the Earldom! Give me my boy!*

*[Music.—Exit wildly, L. 1 E.]*

*Enter SQUIRE EGAN, R. 1 E.*

*Eg. Confound that stupid, blundering block-head, Andy,—he stays so long when he's sent for anything. I have been obliged to set out for the letters myself, and—(looking off L.)—by my faith, here he comes as leisurely as if he were going to a funeral!*

*Enter ANDY, L., not seeing Egan.*

*An. There goes that Nancy, as mad as a spring hare—strolin' over the field, and—(bus.)—there's a cow in the next field runnin' like the devil, wid her tail stickin' out behind her! 'Pon my sowl I don't know which is the maddest, Nancy or the cow! (Bus. Turns and sees Egan.)*

*Eg. So you are there, are you? Couldn't you have stayed an hour or two longer?*

*An. Yes, sir, I could if you tould me!*

*Eg. Where are the letters? Did you get any?*

*An. I did, sir.*

*(Hands him two letters, one very large)*

*Eg. (Looking at superscriptions. Aside.) One of these letters is not mine. (Reading.) "Gustavus O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall." (To Andy.) Where did you get this, you vagabond?*

*An. I tuck it, sir. I tuck it!*

*Eg. You took it?*

*An. Yis, sir, I tuck it below at the Post Office! I tuck it!*

*Eg. What did you take it for?*

*An. Oo sint me for oor letter, didn't oo? Very well, I went below to the Post Office, where they sell gunpowder, and I ses to the man behind the counter, "give me a letter," ses I. "What do you want?" ses he. "I want a letter," ses I, "give me wan." "Who do oo want it for," ses he. "What's that to oo?" ses I, "give me a letter, this minit!" "Who do oo want it for?" again ses he.—"For my master," ses I, gettin*



vexed; "an' don't keep me stanin'." "What's your master's name?" ses he—

Eg. Of course you told him?

An. No, sir, I did not! Sure, what right had he to be axin' impidint questions? "Tell me oor master's name," ses he. "I'll see oo d—d first!" ses I. "What's oor directions?" ses he. "Me directions are that oor to give me a letther for my mather," ses I; "and give me it, and don't keep me here chatterin'," ses I. "Oor a fool!" ses he (manin' me), "and oor master's another for sindin oo," manin' you, sir! "Bad luck to oo," ses I, "oo dirty powder monkey!"—he sells gunpowder—"is it for the likes of oo to be calling Squire Aigan a fool?" "Oho," says he, "Squire Aigan's oor mather?" "No matter," ses I, "give me a letther for him!" "I'll not give oo any letther," ses he, "till I know who oo are," ses he, and wid that Mr. Duffy kem in, for to buy a letther, and he tould the post-office powder monkey that oo wor my mather; an' thin to see the ould devil alter his chune! An' whin Mr. Duffy wint out he handed me out wan of thim. "I want 'levenpence," ses he. "What for do you want 'levenpence?" ses I. "For postage!" ses he. "I'd not give oo 'levenpence for it," ses I. He was sellin' thim for fourpence before me face;—yis, sir, he sould wan to Mr. Duffy for fourpence, an' a bigger wan than that—"I'll not give oo 'levenpence," ses I, "I'll give oo but sixpence," ses I, "take or lave it." "I want 'levenpence," ses he, "or oo don't have the letter." "Do you think I'm a fool?" ses I. "No," ses he, "but I know it!" Well, I had to pay the chatin' ould devil 'levenpence, because he wouldn't take less; but, by the hokey, I got even wid him, fer whin he turned his back for to change the half-sovereign I gev him, I stole the biggest letther I could lay me hands on!

Eg. Well, you're a pretty fellow.

An. Yis, sir, I am; that's what the girls do be tellin' me!

Eg. Do you know you might be hanged for what you have done to-day?

An. What did I do, sir?

Eg. You've robbed the post-office!

An. Is it me? Sure, I thought it was no harm to be takin' the worth of yer money!

Eg. You must take this letter back.

An. No, sir, I would not. Sure, the postman would murder me! (Getting away from him.)

Eg. Go up to the hall!

An. (Crossing to R.) Sure, I thought there was no harm in gettin' the worth o' me money, an' him sellin' them to Duffy for fourpence!

[Exit R., 1 E.]

Eg. The poor devil may get in some trouble if I send him back with it. I must take it back myself, and explain the matter to the post-master. It is addressed to my mortal enemy, the only one, I believe, I have in the world! What can it contain? Let's look at the seal. What's this—a goose on a gridiron?—no, it is some other bird of passage. Let me see. O'Grady's lawyer is named Sparrow—this is a sparrow on a gate. They are hatching some villany. It's not manly to peep into a letter—but they plot, and I'll follow suit, and perhaps find out their dirty tricks. "All's fair in war!" Here goes. (Squeezes letter, which is not in an envelope, and looks in.) What's this? (Reads.) "You have the deed which proves O'Connor's title—better burn it—" Oh, you

scoundrell! (Reads. "You tell me that Handy Andy is neither more nor less—than—" Than what? The fold of the paper won't let me see any more—but I've seen enough! You have the deed, then, O'Grady? Perhaps you'll have to disgorge it, you dirty, contemptible scoundrell! Was there—(tearing letter unconsciously.)—ever such a piece of villany known? I'll—eh—what! I've torn O'Grady's letter! Here's a pretty mess that blockhead Andy has got me into! Luckily, he can't read, and therefore don't know to whom the letter was addressed. I must hasten, however, and caution him to be silent about the affair—that I can easily do, by inspiring him with a fear of the consequences of his innocent theft, should it become known. Oh, the thundering vagabond! (Looking at fragments of letter, and shaking his fist at an imaginary O'Grady.) Oh, the unmitigated scoundrell!

[Exit R. 1 E.]

SCENE III.—Squire Egan's dining-room—Dining-table, C. EGAN L., and MURPHY R. of table. EDWARD O'CONNOR and CARROL, R. Other gentlemen seated at table, drinking wine after dinner. Fruit and dessert on table—side-board up against L. flat, containing bottles of wine, plates, dishes, and bottles of soda water, ANDY discovered at side table. 2nd door, L. 3 E., window, R.

An. (Coming down with silver fork.) Mr. Egan—Mr. Egan—if you please, Mr. Egan.

Eg. Well, what do you want?

An. If ye please, Mr. Egan, would ye look at that?

Eg. Well, did you never see a fork before?

An. A fork! Oh, yis, I know what a fork is well enough. I've seen a great many forks, but may the devil fly away wid me if ever I saw a silver spoon split up that way before! Oh, it's marvellous!

Eg. Give me some soda water, Andy.

An. Sir!

Eg. Some soda water.

(Andy goes, L., then stops.)

An. Yis, sir—do you want it now, sir?

Eg. Yes, certainly.

An. 'An will I bring it here?

Eg. Bring it here! Of course? Where would you bring it?

An. Very well. (Going—stops.) Mr. Egan, if ye please—

Eg. Well?

An. Will I bring it hot or could?

Eg. Why, cold to be sure! I want to drink it, stupid!

An. Holy farmer! He wants to drink it stupid. He's drunk; Are ye in airnest, Mr. Egan? Are ye goin to drink soap and water in airnest?

Eg. Soap and water, you villain!—no—soda water! Soda water!

An. Very well. (Going—stops.) Mr. Egan, if ye please.

Eg. Well, what the devil do you want now? Will you get me that soda water, and be quick about it?

An. Faith, I will. But if ye please, where'll I get it? In the kitchen, is it?

Eg. No, on the side-board there.

An. Is it in the can?

Eg. No, in the bottle.

An. Is it in this?

Eg. No, the other.

An. Is it the weeny wan, without any bottom?

Eg. Yes.

An. Mr. Egan, the troath's tied up—the troath's tied up wid ropes.

Eg. Well, cut it.

An. Cut the troath!

Eg. Yes. *(Andy cuts cork. Bus., and exit L. 3 E. All laugh.)* Damn the fellow's stupidity—he's ruined my coat. Well, as you were saying, Murphy—so Ned, here, can't get along without this deed?

Mur. Devil a bit. However, we'll get hold of it yet. Mad Nance, who knows everything, has found out where the deed is.

Eg. Faith, it'll be apt to stay where it is in my opinion! But how do you intend to serve the process for the debt on O'Grady?

Mur. *(Slightly tipsy.)* Send it out by an officer, to be sure.

Eg. I'd like to see the officer bold enough to serve it. The last bailiff who went there had his head broken for his pains, and was laid up for a fortnight. Neck-or-nothing Hall is garrisoned like a fort—guarded on the outside by three bull-dogs, inside by a lot of blunderbusses, with a corps-de-reserve of the finest tenantry you ever saw—fellows that'd make nothing of eating a bailiff, bones and all, to please O'Grady.

Mur. I'll serve it, nevertheless.

Eg. Go it, my buck! You'll do it Murrough, if any one can. *(Music. Enter MAD NANCE, L. 3 E.)* Hallo! here's that she-devil Mad Nance. Nance, my darling, how are you?

Nan. My business is not with you, sir! Edward O'Connor, I have a word to say to you.

Ed. *(Rising and coming down.)* To me?

Nan. *(Aside to him.)* Leave this scene of revelry which so ill becomes one of the noble race of O'Connor! Come with me. *(He draws back.)* Do not hesitate—you deem me mad—perhaps I am, but mad or not, I can be of service to you. Come!

*(Going up L. Stops.)*

Ed. *(Aside.)* I know not how it is, but the woman awes me. I am ashamed to confess it, but I feel compelled to follow her. *(Crossing to L. C., turns to the party at table.)* Excuse me, friends, I will return presently.

Nan. Come!

*[Exit Nance, followed by Edward O'Connor.]*

Eg. Good luck go with you, Ned. Come, Murphy, you're not drinking.

Mur. 'Deed and I am then—that's a small mistake of your own.

Eg. Fill up, man! fill up! *(They fill their glasses.)* And bitter bad luck to them that don't like us!

Mur. Amen. *(All drink.)*

*Enter ANDY, L. 3 E.*

An. If ye please, there's a gentleman below, and he sint up this bit of pateboard wid' some spellin' on it! *(Hands card to Egan.)*

Eg. *(Reading card.)* "Mr. Furlong."

Mur. What, Furlong? *(Egan hands him card.)*

Oh, by the lord, I think it must be Sparrow's clerk. Who did he ask for, Andy, ye vagabond,—what name?

An. Devil a name at all, sir. Sure, I was in the street, jist above, and a po'-chay kem along, an' Tim Doolan, the post-boy that was ridin' upon the outside of the horse, fell off the horse's back, because he was drunk, (the boy, not the horse; poor baste,) and the gentleman that was in the po'-chay

asked me could I drive him to the Squire? I tould him I was the boy that could—the devil a better! an' I brought him here! Begorra, he's a queer-looking chap! he lucks for all the world like a sucking calf!

Eg. But you are quite sure this is not another of your stupid blunders?

An. The devil a blunder! no, sir. I med no blunder this time, anyway. He asked to be tuck "to the Squire's"—that's what he said—"to the hquire's." Oh, the devil a blunder's in it, at all.

Mur. Show him up, Andy.

An. Would I bring him up?

Eg. Yes!

An. Would I bring him up here, sir?

Eg. Why, of course, booby!

An. Very well! *(Going. Stops.)* Sure the master's not here.

Eg. No matter. The Squire is out—but do you show the gentleman up at once.

An. I will. *(Going. Stops.)* Would I tell him the Squire's out?

Mur. Tell him nothing, you high-binder, but bring him up immediately!

An. But sure he wants the master!

Mur. Let me get a crack at him.

*(Raises bottle. Andy runs off.)*

Andy. *(Outside.)* You're to come up!

Mur. Now, gentlemen, if this should be another of Andy's blunders, we can turn it to good account, for if it be the person I think, he has evidently come over on some business errand to O'Grady, with whom he is personally unacquainted. We'll pump him, boys, what do you say?

Eg. Aye, pump him dry, and be d—d to him.

Andy. *(Outside.)* Yis, sir, you're to come up—luck out for your shins, if you please.

Enter, bowing in FURLONG, an attempted exquisite. ANDY backs up against Egan's chair, who starts up indignant.

An. I beg your pardon, but I couldn't see behind me.

Mur. *(R. of table.)* The top of the morning to you, sir.

Fur. *(With eye-glass.)* Aw, gentlemen—I have the honaw to wish you a vewy good day, aw.

Eg. Take a seat, and make yourself easy, Andy, a chair for Mr. Furlong.

*(Andy places chair at L. of table.)*

An. Sit down, sir.

*(Business of wiping chair, &c.)*

Eg. Get out, you clumsy blackguard.

*[Exit Andy "in haste," L. Egan and*

*Murphy assist Furlong to rise.]*

Mur. I hope there is nothing broke, sir?

Fur. Well, weally, I don't know. I'm not quite sure.

Mur. Sit down, sir.

*(Sits L. of table in Egan's former seat.)*

*Egan sits R. of table. Business of Furlong getting seated.)*

Mur. A glass for Mr. Furlong, Egan. *(Egan hands glass—they all fill.)* Your health, sir.

Fur. Thank you, aw! *(All drink.)*

Mur. How goes on the war against the blackguard, O'Connor?

*(Winks at Egan.)*

Fur. Why, aw, I'll tell you, aw—

Mur. Fill up.

*(They fill glasses, Murphy rises unperceived by Furlong, who converses across the table with the others, his back to Egan.)*



Mur. (Aside to Squire.) Whist!

(Whispers in his ear.)

Fur. Yes, gentlemen, we've got the evidence, you see, on which they rely, in our possession.

(Murphy returns quietly to his seat.)

Mur. But never mind business now! Fill up! (They fill glasses.) Squire, good health!

(All drink. Egan sits at head of table.)

Egan. Have you seen the Widow Flanigan lately, Murphy?

Mur. No. (Drunk.) Fill up!

(He fills glass and drinks.)

Eg. They say Tom Durfy's going it strong in that quarter! The widow has money, you know, and Tom's making up to her, and she seems nothing loth for that matter.

Mur. Devil doubt her! Fill up! (Drinks.)

Eg. Tom is fierce on the subject, and looks pistols at any one that comes near the widow.

Mur. (Very drunk.) I understand. Fill up! But I want to have a joke with Andy. I'll pretend to be drunk again, and play a trick on him. Do you call him, Squire, to carry me upstairs to bed.

(Falls from his chair.)

Eg. Very well. You're always full of the devil, Murphy, but don't be too hard on poor Andy. Come, gentlemen, let us adjourn to the library. (All rise. Calls Andy.—Enter ANDY, L. 3 E.) Andy, just put Mr. Murphy to bed, he's a little dizzy! This way, gentlemen.

[All exit, R. 1 E., leaving Andy with Murphy.]

An. He's drunk again! he be's drunk every night!—(Sits)—every night of his life! and I have to go strollin' him up two flights of stairs to put him to bed! Me back's bruck, carryin' him up—an' him drunk every night! (Business of putting table back.) Faith, I wish he'd get drunk after he's in bed, and not lave me to be carryin' him up; an' thin he never gives me anythin' for it, and me brakin' me back, carryin' him up. (Business of taking up chairs.) Whin he wakes up in the morning he do be always pretendin' he wasn't drunk in the night, bad luck to him—an' me wid back bruck, carrying him up!

(Murphy rolls down c., and clasps the leg of a chair.)

Mur. Oh—hic—my dear Mrs. Fay!

An. Lave go of that chair, and don't be brakin' the furniture! (Takes chair from him.) He brakes all the furniture, and thin I'm blamed for it! Mr. Murphy, will ye rise? Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy. Will ye rise, Mr. Murphy? Mr. Murphy, will ye rise?

Mur. My darling Mrs. Fay!

An. Och! To the devil! Sure Mrs. Fay's not here at all!

Mur. Who says a word against Mrs. Fay?

An. Sure no man's talkin' about her but 'oorself. Will ye rise, Mr. Murphy? Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy, will ye rise? If ye please, Come, Mr. Murphy, rise out of that, and come to bed like a decent man! (Murphy clasps his leg.) Ah! let go me leg! Devil sweep him!

Mur. Beautiful Mrs. Fay, give me a kiss!

An. Give ye a kiss! Sure, Mrs. Fay's not here at all. Do you think would Mrs. Fay be roulin' about upon the flure wid ye, and you as drunk as a pig! Will ye rise? (Losing his temper.) Arrah! will ye get up out of that? (Shakes him.) Mr. Murphy, will ye rise? (Lifts him up. Murphy clasps him—they roll over together—Andy extricates

himself.) Will ye rise, Mr. Murphy? Sure, me heart's bruck wid ye! (Goes up to L. table—sits and drinks.) He be's drunk that way every night. Sure, the country's goin' to rack and ruin—the rich gettin' drunk—(Drinks)—and the poor follyin' their example for the want of something else to do. (Drinks.) I'll have another try at him. Come, Mr. Murphy, rise now, like a good man; and don't be dirtyin' yer breeches on the flure—rise, and don't vex me! (Attempts to lift him; bus. of falling.) Och, wirra! wirra! but ye're the devil inthirely, Mr. Murphy! (Rises and goes to table, L.—takes a drink.) Now, Mr. Murphy, I ask ye want more—will ye rise? (Takes off coat and vest—takes another drink.) Now, Mr. Murphy—begorra, I think ye'll rise! (Lifts him up.) Asy—asy, if ye please, Mr. Murphy—that's it, ye drunken devil! (Carries him up c. as the scene closes.)

#### SCENE IV.—A Cut Wood.

Enter MAD NANCE, L. U. E., followed by EDWARD O'CONNOR.

Nan. The tale is true, Edward O'Connor. Yes, Mad Nance tells you trath. Here, on this spot, her child was dragged away, and she has never seen him since. She was the lawfully wedded wife of—a villain! But the paper which proves my marriage was taken away—he died—they laughed at my claim!—called me wanton, liar! I became an outcast, a wanderer—and for twenty years I have wandered through this barony!

Ed. Poor woman; I do indeed pity you!

Nan. They call me mad—do not believe them. I have had suffering enough to turn the brain of any woman, but I am not mad! No! no!—I feel I shall yet recover enough to prove my rights, and the rights of my child—to discover that child—to press him to my heart—to bless him! Oh, what joy!

Ed. Heaven speed you!

Nan. (Sadly.) Perhaps he may be dead,—ah! if he be, I shall find his grave—water it with my tears, and stretch myself on the cold turf—lie there the night long, listening to and watching the disembodied ghosts as they go slowly and gibbering by!

Ed. Alas, poor creature!

(Aside.)

Nan. (With energy.) That William O'Grady has the deed you seek! a deed made to your father by my husband! He has my marriage certificate and papers that can tell me where is my son! I learned this yesterday!

Ed. So you told Murphy, but are you sure of this?

Nan. Yes, and I will have them before another day's end—mark me—I will have them! Go! I know the story of your love—but you shall gain your suit!—you shall marry the sweet Fanny—and I—I shall find my son—my Arthur! Go!

Ed. (Crossing, r.) Farewell!

[Exit Edward, R. U. E.]

Nan. (Looking after him.) Yes, Edward O'Connor, you shall triumph, and O'Grady shall fall! Now for those papers—that's my next care! Let me—(Presses her temples.) Oh, how my brain throbs when I try to think,

(Stands R. c., lost in thought.)

Enter two RUFFIANS, L. 2 E.

1st R. There she is! The Squire says her mouth must be stopped. We can seize her now and convey her to the Hall. O'Grady will soon send her out of the country!

2nd R. Well, I'm ready—here goes!

(*They advance and seize Nance.*)

Nan. What seek ye?

1st R. Come up with us quietly, mistress, and ask no questions.

Nan. Unhand me!

(*Music.—Short hurry. She struggles with them and calls "Help! help!"*)

Enter ANDY, R. 1 E.—*She breaks from them and runs to him.*

An. What's the matter, Nancy?

Nan. (*Regarding him intently.*) How like and yet how unlike. (*Aside.*) Save me!

An. Is thim boys violent? What does ye's want, boys? What are ye's doin'? Sure, can't ye lave the woman alone? Don't ye know well enough she's only a poor half-witted cratyer, an' ye's tazin' her. Go home, boys, go home, there's good fellers!

1st R. (*Drawing a horse-pistol.*) Stand back!

An. What for would I stan' back? Tell me that, now? What for would I stan' back? Who are ye's anyway? Ye's don't belong to these parts,—an what are ye doin' wid that blunderbuss?

1st R. Stand aside! It don't concern you!

An. What's the rayson it don't consarn me? Go on out of that, now! What's the rayson it don't consarn me? Whin a poor wake cratyer, like that, is trampled upon an' in distress, it's the consarn of every honest man in Christendom! What's the rayson it don't consarn me? Go on now, and take yer ugly black mugs out o' this, or I'll batter the heads o' ye both, an' that might hurt yer feelings. Lave this, now!

(*Music.—Hurry.—2nd Ruffian rushes at Andy, who hurls him up the stage; he falls. 1st Ruffian levels pistol at Andy, it misses fire, Andy strikes him on the arm and knocks pistol out of his hand—he grapples with Andy. Andy knocks him down. The 2nd Ruffian by this time has regained his feet, and drawing a knife rushes at Andy; Nancy intercepts him, and with the pistol which she has picked up, strikes him on the arm. He drops the knife. Andy knocks him down. Nance seizes knife and stands over Ruffian.—Tableaux.*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Front Scene—a street. House on L. flat, with practicable door. Sign over the door, on which is painted, "McGany, Apothecary." Window in R., with variegated globe bottles.*

Enter ANDY, R. 1 E., with a number of small bundles and boxes. *Music at rise of curtain.*

An. Faith, I'll make no blunders this time, any way. I think I have everything all right. I have a pound of tay here, and a pound of nails, and three pounds of shugar, and I have the pepper and the salt, and a bottle of hair oil for the cook. The cook has red hair, and she wears hair oil, the way that it'll look brown! And I have the cook's hair oil here in my breeches pocket, with the needles and the hank of thread—and I have two pounds of coffee roasted and ground, and a pound of tay,

and three pounds of shugar—and I have a pound of butter in me hat, and a pound of figs on top of it—in me hat I have the figs for the childer, and the butter for the cook. And I have the cook's hair oil—and I have a pound of raisens for to put in the puddin'—and I'm to go in here to Mr. McGany's for some physic—and thin I'm to go to Mr. Duffy's for a gander. And I'm to go to Delany's for a ham, and to Duffy's for a gander—a live gander, and a dead ham. And I have the cook's hair oil in me pocket—and I'm to get some physie here at Mr. McGany's. An' I'll carry the gander under this arm, and the ham under this wan—and be me sow! I think I'll be loaded down, wid the gander and the ham, and the—

Enter MURPHY, R. 1 E.

Mur. (*Slapping him on top of the head.*) Well, Andy.

An. Ah, Mr. Murphy!

Mur. What's the matter?

An. Ye knocked all the figs into the butter! The master'll murder me, and so'll the cook! My head's all grasy!

Mur. Serve you right. What the devil do you carry butter in your hat for?

An. Sure, how did I know you wor comin' behind me to give me a polthogue on the head?

Mur. Well, it's like you, Andy. Have you been doing anything very clever lately?

An. I danno, sir—I dunno.

Mur. Have you shot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?

An. Oh, no, sir. (*Laughs.*) That soda-wather is mighty quare stuff—goes off in a hurry like!

Mur. Did you kill any more dogs?

An. Ah, Mr. Murphy! sure, I never killed any dogs—only wan, and that was an accident?

Mur. An accident! Curse your impudence! Do you suppose, if we thought you did it on purpose, we wouldn't have skinned you with our dog whips?

An. Divil doubt ye—yer very handy wid yer whips! How could I help the mare runnin' away, and tramin' on the dogs?

Mur. Why didn't you hold her?

An. Hould her? How could I hould her, an' she runnin' away? You might as well strive to hould fire among flax!

Mur. Well, never mind that now. Hand this package to your master—it's a law process.

An. Is it now?—a law process?

Mur. It's the law process for O'Grady. Tell the Squire that I can't get it served for love nor money.

An. I will, sir.

Mur. Where are you going now?

An. I'm goin' to Duffy's for a gander!

Mur. This isn't Michaelmas. What do you want of a gander?

An. Our gander's dead, and we're borryin' Duffy's, and I'm to go here to Mr. McGany's.

Mur. What for?

An. For physie for wan o' the childer that's sick.

Mur. What's the matter with the child?

An. Sick!

Mur. Well, I supposed the child was sick, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine—but now I'll wager you'll make some blunder—going to the apothecary's and not knowing what you want.

An. I do know what I want. I want physie for



wan o' the childer that's sick. That's what I want.

Mur. Well, go and get your physic, and mind you give that process to your master.

[Exit L. 1 E.]

An. Mr. Murphy thinks himself very clever because he's a lawyer—the drunken devil! He do be always takin' a rise out of me because he thinks I'm simple and innocent. I know very well what I want. I want physic for a child that's sick. I have the paper here in me pocket—the paper the mistress gev me—the doctor wrote it—a scrap of paper with a lot of fly's legs on—fly's legs—that's the way they spell physic. I have it here in me pocket, under the cook's hair oil. I can't get at it. I must take all the things out and lay them on the counter to get at the fly's legs. (Opens door.) Good morning, Mr. McGany!

[Exit in house.]

Music.—Enter NANCE, R. 1 E.

Nance. I have watched him, and I watch him still. Can it be? I must be resolved, or this poor brain of mine, already racked, will turn, and then I will be the crazed wretch which they deem me now. My Right Honourable son! Ha! ha! ha!

[Music.—Exit Nance, L. 1 E.]

Re-enter ANDY from house.

An. Good mornin' Mr. McGany—thank ye, sir! Divil a blunder I med this time! I have the physic, and I have—I have the cook's hair oil. I mustn't forget the cook's oil, or I wouldn't get any manavolins in the kitchen. I get a good many smacks from the cook, and I have her hair oil in me pocket, and I have the law phrocess from Mr. Murphy. (Smells it.) Agh! it smells very nasty—it smells like physic! I often heerd the law was a dirty business, and faith I believe it's true.

[Exit Andy.]

Enter SIMON, L. 1 E. Looks up at house.

Sim. Is this Mr. McGany's? (Impudently.)

An. Can't ye read?

Sim. No, I can't read.

An. Look at that sign over the dure—"Mr. Michael McGany, Physic Seller!" Can ye read that?

Sim. No!

An. See what a knowledgable boy I am. I despise ignorance.

Sim. I want Squire O'Grady's medicine.

An. What! are you one of O'Grady's gang?

Sim. Yes—Squire O'Grady's is my master.

An. Well, do you know what—your master's a dirty blackguard, an' you're no better for sarvin' him.

Sim. What's that? You call my master hard names, I'll—

An. Do it now! That's it—do it now! (Raises his hand to strike.)

(Puts his bundles down.)

Sim. I haven't got time now.

(Runs in house.)

An. Do it now! do it now! Come out. Do it now. Come out if ye dare. I can bate him, so I can. I can bate him—he's not able for me—I can bate him, I can, or any man that comes from his country—I can bate—(Bus., breaks bottles)—ow, ow! (Bus.) I bruck the cook's hair oil. It's all runnin' down me leg—(Bus., with leg)—aigh! Me leg's all grasy. Ow, ow! The cook wears it to make her hair grow, an' I'll have me leg all

sproutin' out. Here comes that fellow! (Picks up bundles.) I'll have a puck at him, any way.

(Hides behind wing. Re-enter SIMON, with parcels, amongst which is the law process. He is going off, L. Andy steals out and kicks him off, L., and runs off, R. 1 E.)

SCENE V. — Squire Egan's Drawing-room.

MURPHY and FANNY discovered, R., and EGAN, L.

Mur. By Jove! it was a good joke!

Eg. But I don't understand it!

Mur. Don't you? Well, you see, I met Andy near McGany's shop, and gave him the process to take home—the process to compel O'Grady's appearance. I couldn't get it served, so I sent it to you, Squire, to see if you would have any better luck. Andy, it appears, afterwards went into McGany's to get some medicine, and laid the process on the counter in order to get the prescription from his pocket. Some things of O'Grady's were lying near, and among the rest a package in appearance like mine, but which was in reality a blister! I saw the package lying there in the morning, and Andy, who, you know, never does anything right, in getting the things together, has evidently taken the blister by mistake and left the process, and if they have only sent it to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard of this twelve-month!

Enter FURLONG, L. 1 E.

Fur. Good morning! (All rise and come down.)

Fan. Good morning, Mr. Furlong. I hope you slept well last night?

Fur. Very well, thank you.

Mur. (L. c.) To be sure he slept well, how could he do otherwise? This is the sleepest air in the land!

Fur. (c.) The sleepest air—that's very odd.

Mur. Odd, sir—it's a well-known fact that men will sleep a whole week here on a stretch. It's a peculiarity of the atmosphere!

Fur. Indeed, you surprise me.

Mur. Fact, sir. But how is it you don't eat potatoes, Mr. Furlong?

Fur. Potatoes! I don't like potatoes?

Mur. Finest things in the world for the intellect, Mr. Furlong! We attribute to the free use of potatoes the natural shrewdness of the Irish.

Fur. Singular theory, very. Astonishing!

Mur. The cows fed on potatoes yield more milk than others; and as for the pigs, sir—there's an independence about an Irish pig, down to the very curl of his tail, which is perfectly refreshing to a man of patriotic feelings!

Fur. Weally!

Mur. Oh, that's nothing at all—nothing at all. The wonders of this barony are beyond comprehension!

Fur. I should think so! You tell me that the Irish are shrewd, and I always thought them vewy stupid savages!

Eg. Hark ye, sir. This affected scorn of Irishmen is very pat upon the tongues of many Englishmen! It would, indeed, be no wonder, sir, if a people, down-trodden as the Irish have been, became stupid! It would be no matter of surprise, if men trampled upon by tyrants, who far exceed their own bloody laws, should become savages! But they have at least the merit of savage hospi-

tality—do not insult mine, then, by slanders upon my countrymen!

(All have risen and come forward.)

Fur. I mean the—the common, low people.

Eg. The common, low people; those whom you affect to despise, are the pillars of every nation's existence. A king may create a lord, and a people may create a king; but neither lords nor kings can create a people!

Fur. I didn't mean anything, I assure you.

Eg. No, I suppose not. I was foolish to think you could mean anything!

Mur. Let us change the subject, Egan. Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Furlong?

Fur. Oh, vewy!

Mur. Then we'll give you some of the finest salmon fishing you ever saw!

Fur. Here? in you-aw wivaw!

Mur. To be sure—the salmon are very thick here. I remember, once, the entire destruction of a man-of-war by them! You see, the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in—Oh, such a crowd of them, a perfect shoal! and the English vessel, whose pilot didn't know the peculiarities of the river, struck on this shoal of salmon, and down she went!

Fur. Why, Mr. Muffy, you don't mean—

Mur. Yes, but I do though. On board the ship were a great many sacks of salt, that they were carrying to the barracks above, for the soldiers. The salt dissolved in the river, and the people caught as many pickled salmon as they could carry for weeks after!

ANDY knocks and pokes his head in, L. 1 E.

Eg. Oh, you're back again, are you?

An. Yis, sir, I am! There's a man below wid a letter for Mr. O'Connor, and heses Squire O'Grady, es gettin' no better very fast!

Fur. Squireaw O'Gwady? Ain't you Squireaw O'Gwady. (To Egan.)

Eg. Of course I am not, sir. Who said I was?

Fur. Why, who then, are you, sir?

Eg. Pierce Egan, sir, at your service.

Fur. Our opponent in the trial?

Eg. I believe so, sir!

Fur. Allow me to say that I have been very ill-used!

Mur. Faith, you're the first man ever ill-used in this house, then! (All laugh.)

Fur. Sir, you are—in fact—dem it, you let me tell you all about our intended schemes at the approaching trial.

Eg. Oh! we could not repress your generous confidence, sir. (All laugh.)

Fur. Vewy well! vewy well! You shall hear from me in the pwoper time. Allow me to say such conduct is—

Mur. What, sir?

Fur. Vewy, vewy wong! (All laugh.) And allow me also to say—

Mur. That I wish you a vewy good morning.

[Exit Furlong L. 1 E.]

An. Squire, would I throw him out of the windy?

Eg. No, Andy.

An. I'll drop him aisy.

Eg. I would laugh at this fellow, but poor Edward's law-suit comes on in two days, and he has not the missing deed. As for what mad Nance told you, Fanny, that is all nonsense, my girl; a mad woman cannot help you!

An. I dunno, sir; I dunno! Women is very cute cattle to dale wid, mostly. They're cute first and spiteful afther, and they're the divil at circumventin!

Fan. Why, Andy, what makes you have such an exalted opinion of the sex?

An. Well, miss, I know a good many girls meself! Oh, yis, women is very cute cattle, and they differs intirely from the min! Whin a man goes to do anything, he makes a great noise and flourish about it, but a woman she jist goes about quiet, and says nothing to nobody, but does it on the sly like! Women is very cute cattle!—There's a girl below in the town. I know her very well. She lives below in the big house in the town. She's a sarvint girl, and there was a chap that wanted to stale some silver spoons that wor lying in the kitchen windy, and so me bould bucko drops himself down the airy and rises the sash, for to stale the spoons, and what does the girl do but she goes over and gets a kittle of wather that was bilin on the fire, and she slips quietly behind the shutter, and whin me gallant youth rached in his arm for to grab the articles, she ups and she powers the hot water down the sleeve of his coat, an' he pulled his hand back immediately, and there wasn't any spoons in it aither! Ses she, my bould feller, ses she, ye kem here for somethin', ses she, and I think you got it!

Eg. That was very good, Andy, very good.

An. Yis, sir, it was very good! very scaldin!

Eg. And now you may go.

An. Sir?

Eg. You can go.

An. I don't want to go, sir.

Eg. You don't want to go?

An. No, sir, I'm very well where I am.

Eg. Get out!

An. Oh, very well, sir, a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse.

[Exit L. 1 E.]

Eg. Come, Murphy, let us go to the library, and see what use we can make of Furlong's revelations. Fanny will excuse us?

Fan. Certainly. [The gentlemen exit R.] I wonder whether Edward will succeed in his suit or not? (Coming down.) Ah me! I'm a very miserable young lady! Cruel fathers, what will you not have to answer for! (Enter EDWARD, L. 1 E.) Ah! Edward, is it you? you startled me!

Ed. Pardon me, dearest, for entering so abruptly and unannounced. I am sadly afraid, Fanny, darling, that I shall lose my suit, and with that all hope of obtaining your father's consent to our marriage.

Fan. I think not, Edward. I am sure that Nance—

Ed. Do not distress me, Fanny. She is but a mad woman—God help her—and what aid can she bring?

Fan. I think you underrate her without cause. She is not so mad as you deem her, and I feel confident she will wring from O'Grady, not only your deed, but papers of consequence to herself, papers which will prove her honourable marriage.

Ed. I hopeso.

Fan. Nay, I am sure of it; but believe me, Edward, whatever may be the result, my heart is yours alone.

Ed. Bless you for that assurance, dearest.

[Exit, R.]



SCENE III.—*Street, with exterior of O'Grady's house. Practicable door in r.—Music.*

*Enter MAD NANCE, L. 1 E.*

*Nan.* I will have the papers, or else his life, for I am desperate. Yes, villain, I will have them, and then I will discover my child, whom they stole from me. Ah! little did I think when I left my father's house that I would sink to be the vagrant that I am. I, Ann Fitzgerald, to become an out-cast—a beggar. Yes, I have seen a rival enter my house—usurp my rights, and I have borne it all. I have seen that rival's child receive the lands and houses which belong to mine, and I have borne it patiently. What could I do else? Alas! nothing. But now, when the proofs are almost in my hands—when I can grasp the evidence of their dishonour and my triumph, I will no longer be patient. My foot is on the brink—I will plunge into the gulf. My mission will soon be ended, and then poor, despised Mad Nance can die!

*[Music—She looks around, and exits into the house—door in flat.]*

SCENE IV.—*Room in O'Grady's house—doors c., to open.*

FURLONG discovered seated, R. C. O'GRADY at table.

*O'G.* A pretty kettle of fish you've made of the matter, Mr. Furlong—babbled about our affairs—affairs, heirs, stairs. Yes, you ought to be kicked down every pair of stairs in the county! What the devil made you go to the wrong house?

*Fur.* Why, I told the man to drive to the squire's, and he said that was the squire's, and—

*O'G.* Do you think there's but one squire in the county? To the devil with your simplicity!

*Fur.* Why, dem it, I don't know how I got into the devilish-mousetrap, myself!

*O'G.* Mouse-trap! you may well call it that. Mousetrap, steel-trap, rat-traps, rattle-traps, rattle-snakes! Pshaw! So Egan diddle you?

*Fur.* Diddled?

*O'G.* Yes, diddle you! Diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon! Who was there?

*Fur.* A queer fellow they called Muffy!

*O'G.* (Whistles.) Murphy! Then I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furlong, I wouldn't give you that for our cause; though we have the papers, sir! But what did you hear?

*Fur.* Oh, nothing. We were going a salmon fishing when I discovered my mistake.

*O'G.* A what?

*Fur.* Salmon fishing.

*O'G.* Where?

*Fur.* In the river, here!

*O'G.* Oh, Lord! Why, there's no salmon within fifty miles of this! (Rings bell.—Enter SIMON.) Bring me some broiled bones! I want something to settle my stomach after that! It's enough to make a horse sick! Broiled bones, and hot punch! Make haste now, go to the cock—

*Sim.* Yes, sir.

(Going, R.)

*O'G.* Stop! Curse you, can't you wait till you get your message! Go to the devil, now! Get some broiled bones, hot water and tumblers—don't forget the whisky—and pepper them well!—mind, hot, everything hot—screeching hot! Be off, now, and make haste!

*Sim.* Yes, sir! (Aside, going.) He's in the devil's temper!

[Exit, R. 1 E.]

*O'G.* Why the devil didn't you inquire before you went into Egan's den?

*Fur.* If you had met me as I requested in my letter, it would have been all right.

*O'G.* Letter! I received no letter from you!

*Fur.* Why, I sent two:

*O'G.* There, there—that's three letters gone astray! I'm certain they miscarry on purpose!—there's a plot in the post-office against me! I wish all the post-offices were blown up!—I do, by the eternal war! and all the mail coaches in the bargain! Devil a use in them but to carry bad news! All the good letters are lost, and if there is any money in them the mail is sure to be robbed! Blow and sink the whole concern, I say! Now, I wish you'd leave me—I want to examine some papers! Go into the next room, or down-stairs—or go the devil!

*Fur.* Oh, I can take a hint,—I'm off.

[Exit, R. 1 E.]

*O'G.* Oh, but you're green, Mr. Furlong! (Mad Nance appears at c. doors listening. O'Grady unlocks box on table, and takes out papers.) Here is the deed of Scatterbrain to Arthur O'Connor,—here is the certificate of his lordship's marriage with Ann Fitzgerald, here is the record of her son, the young lord's birth—here is—but they are all here! And the heirs want these papers! Bah! If I gave them up or destroyed them, there were an end to income and influence!—They shall not be given up! Death alone shall part us! They are mine!

(Holds them up exultingly. NANCE advances from behind and snatches them from his hand.—Chord.)

*Nan.* Villain, thou liest! they are mine! and in my keeping!

*O'G.* Give them up, old hag—or else—

(Music. Snatches knife from table and rushes at her. Nance presents pistol used in first act.—Tableaux. Closed in.)

SCENE VI.—*Front scene. Landscape.*

*Enter ANDY, L. 1 E., singing.*

*An.* Well, begorra, it's a fine thing to be a gentleman, so it is, for whin a man's a gentleman, he can do what he like, an' who says no? If a gentleman breaks a horse's nick, he's a bould rider, but a poor sarvint is a careless vagabone for only takin' the sweat out of him! If a gentleman drinks till he can't see a hole in a ladder, he's only fresh—fresh, mind yez—but drunk as a baste is the word for a poor man? An' if a gentleman kicks up a row, he's a fine spirited fellow, while a poor man is a disorderly blaggard for the same thing! The justice axes wan to dinner, the other he sends to jail! Och, faith, the law's a dainty lady,—she takes people by the hand that can afford to wear gloves; but people wid brown fists must keep their distance. But divil a matter! Sure ould Ireland bates creation and the haythen mythology for brave min and purty girls!

[Going.]

*Enter OONAH R. 1 E.*

*Oon.* Is it yourself, Andy, that's there? and singin' away like a bird, only not so sweet!

An. What's the rayson I'm not so sweet? What's the rayson?—till me that now.

Oon. Your voice isn't so melodious!

An. Is it me voice that's odious? Arrah, don't be talkin'. Where are ye goin'?

Oon. I'm goin' beyant. (*Attempts to cross to L, —he stops her.*) Let me pass, Andy.

An. Why don't ye go? (*Bus.*)

Oon. Let me pass, an' don't be hinderin' me.

An. Who's touchin' ye? Why don't ye go? Let me see ye go.

Oon. Now don't be hinderin' me, Andy, I till you.

An. Sure, I'm not hinderin' ye. Will ye give me a kiss, Oonah?

Oon. Is it you? 'Deed I'll not! What would I be kissing you for?

An. Bekase I'm fond of ye. Give me a kiss!

Oon. Don't bother me, Andy, but let me pass.

An. Arrah, now, don't be puttin' a frown on your purty face—for all the world like a cobweb on a rose bush.

Oon. Sure, ye know I can take me pick of all the boys in the parish.

An. I know ye can, but ye won't.

Oon. I don't know—there's Pat McGlancy—

An. Pat McGlancy—the black-muzzled thief.

Oon. And Tim Flannigan—

An. The red-headed blackguard—I hate red hair.

Oon. And Mike Mullahawn—

An. Mike Mullahawn—the knock-kneed villain—one ov his legs like a stick ov sugar candy, and the other lickin' it. (*Bus.*)

Oon. And Dan McLoughlin—

An. Dan McLoughlin! Sure he's bandy-legged, and walks that way. Arrah, Oonah, alanna, what are you talkin' to me about all them fellers, an' me adorin' ye. Don't be vexin' the heart out of me. Sure, wern't we gossoons together? Didn't your mother find me whin I was a-a what do you call a child that has no father nor mother?

Oon. A foundling.

An. Yis, didn't your mother find me whin I was a foundlin'—didn't she find me in a ditch or under a cabbage stalk, and take me home?

Oon. Yes.

An. Very well, thin, what are ye talkin' about thim other fellers? Sure, wasn't we little boys together—an' didn't we use to rowl upon the flure together?—an' didn't I use to carry you upon me back over the bogs an' mud puddles the way that ye wouldn't get dirty? Didn't I?

Oon. Yes.

An. I let ye drop wan day, an' ye got all dirty?

Oon. Yes, you did. I remember that.

An. But didn't I take you to the brook an' wash ye clane agin? An' then didn't I lay you on a bank to dry in the sun—an' whin ye wor dry on wan side didn't I turn ye over on the other?

Oon. Yes.

An. Very well, thin. An' didn't I live at your mother's till I grew up large an' big? How's your mother?

Oon. She's very well, thank God.

An. I'm axin for your mother because she was good to me, God bless her. Sure, didn't I ax you about fifty times to marry me, an' didn't you always say no?

Oon. Yes, I did.

An. Well, now, I'm goin' to ax ye agin, an' if ye think ye're going to say no—don't say it, but if ye

think ye're going to say yis, plump it right out. Now, thin—are ye ready—will ye? will ye?

Oon. (*Bashfully.*) Well, thin, Andy, it's sure I am that I never cared for any other boy?

An. Sure, an' will ye marry me?

Oon. (*Hesitating.*) I will—if me mother 'll let me.

An. Hurroo! (*Bus.*) More broth! We'll be married—if the master will let me—an' I think he will, for the devil a blunder I med these three hours. We'll be married. Go tell your mother. I'll come down to your cabin to-night, if I can stale away. Come here—(*kisses her*)—keep that wan till I see ye agin.

Oon. (*Goes to R. wing.*) Andy?

An. Anan!

Oon. I hope it'll be soon.

[*Exit Oonah R. 1 E.*]

An. She wants another. But I'll not give her too many at first, it'll spile her. I'll come round gradually by degrees; that's the way the lawyers go to heaven. I'm going to be married! I'm going to be married! I feel the dignity of a man of family coming over me. I'll go and ask the master. I'm going to be married, and when I'm married I'll—well I know what I'll do.

[*Song and dance and exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*Squire Egan's Drawing-room. EGAN and MURPHY discovered seated at table, L. EDWARD O'CONNOR and FANNY at table, R.*

Eg. Where the devil can Andy be? (*Calling.*) Andy! Andy!

An. Yis, sir, did you call me, sir? I was below, sir, in the stable, clainin' wan o' the horses hind legs, sir; one o' the hind legs of wan o' the horses that's sick, sir; the leg, not the horse.

Eg. Keep in all day, Andy, I may want you for a particular purpose.

An. I will, sir.

Eg. Are there any oysters in the house?

An. Oysters?

Eg. Yes, oysters. Don't you know what oysters are?

An. Oh yes, sir, yes. I know very well—fishes wid shells on thim.

Eg. Exactly. Are there any in the house?

An. There is, sir, plenty below.

Eg. Are they good? The last you brought were—

An. Oh, I know, sir; they wor bad. They had their mouths open, an' ye tould me oysters wor bad always whin they had their mouths open. I'll not bring ye bad oysters agin, sir.

Eg. Well, if you've kept them in a cool place you may bring some up.

An. Oh, they're cool enough where I put thim, sir, in the cellar below.

Eg. Well, bring them up.

An. I will, sir. (*Crosses to R.*) Will I bring thim up now, sir?

Eg. Yes.

An. An' will I bring thim up here?

Eg. Yes, certainly.

An. Yis, sir. Ye want thim for lunch?

Eg. Yes, for lunch.

An. Very well, sir. Will I bring thim on a tray?

Eg. Get out of that and bring them?



An. I will, sir. Will I bring a knife t' open thim?

An. Yes. Will you begone?

Eg. T' open thim? Yes, sir.

[Exit, R. 1 E.]

Eg. His blunders are amusing; and, to tell you the truth, though I have kept it silent, and from his ears for the present, the foundling, Andy, the stupid, blundering Andy, is likely to turn out a young man of the highest rank and fortune.

Omnes. What! Andy?

Eg. Yes, Andy. But here he comes; suspend your curiosity for a short time.

Re-enter ANDY, with tray of oysters and handle of knife.

An. Here's the oysters, and there's more below; there's plinty more below; I'll bring thim up while ye're atin these wans.

Eg. (Rising and going up to him c.) Where's the knife?

An. On the tray.

Eg. (Taking up bundle.) Why, what's this thing.

An. It's the knife, sir, only the blade is gone!

Eg. Where's the blade?

An. Bruck, sir?

Eg. Why did you bring me such a thing as this?

An. Sure ye tould me to bring the knife t' open thim!

Eg. But what made you break it?

An. It wasn't me bruck it, sir. Biddy, the cook, bruck it knocking the cock in the beer-barrel!

Eg. Tapping it, you mean?

An. She wasn't tappin' it at all, but knockin' it as hard as she could lather at it.

Eg. Why didn't she take the hammer?

An. She couldn't, sir, she couldn't; they borried the hammer over at the chapel beyant, to hang up the pictyer—a new pictyer for the altar-piece that kem down from Dublin—oh, such a pictyer! Oh, splendid! Ye never did see such a pictyer! Wid lashins of green an' red paint on it, and full of saints and sojers and little boys, wid divil save the tack on their little carcasses? Yis, sir, little boys widout any clothes, and they borried our hammer for to drive the nails to hang it up. An' the place was too small for it, an' they had to cut 'em off at the bottom. The pictyer, sir, not the little boys. And they cut off the sides where the sojers wor, becuse it stopped up the windy; and sure the sojers wor no loss, an' wor hung up after in the vestry, and sarve them right, the blaggards.—Oh, sir, it was very remarkable!

Eg. Very remarkable, indeed! (During the above, the characters all stop their noses with handkerchiefs, and show signs of disgust.) But what an abominable odour these oysters have! They must be bad!

An. Thim's good oysters!

Eg. They can't be good!

An. Oh, yis, thim's good oysters! Divil a wan of thim oysters ever opened their mouths! Thim's first-rate oysters!

Eg. Have you a nose?

An. (Feeling.) Yis, sir, I have.

Eg. Well, can't you smell them?

An. Oh, yis, sir! I been smellin' thim thim three days. Thim's good oysters—divil a wan o' thim oysters ever opened their mouths. I put thim in

the cellar a week ago, an' I laid a flag atop o' thim, an' a fifty-six weight atop o' that, an' divil a wan o' thim ever opened their mouths! Thim's good oysters.

Eg. Take them away out of this.

An. Won't ye ate thim?

Eg. No.

An. Will ye try wan, Mr. Murphy?

Mur. I think not, Andy.

An. What'll I do wid thim?

Eg. Eat them yourself.

An. (Bus.) I don't like oysters. They slip down too asy, an' ye have no devarshin chawin' thim. Will I give thim to the girls below?

Eg. Yes; do what you like with them.

An. I'll give them to the girls in the kitchen. Thim's good oysters. Divil a wan o' thim oysters ever opened their mouths!

[Exit, R. 1 E.]

Eg. (At L. table.) And now, my dear Edward, to be frank with you, there is no chance of your obtaining the missing deed, and you must make up your mind to lose the suit!

Ed. Well, well, Egan, succeed or not, I will still be sensible of your kindness. (Noise outside.)

Fan. (Starting up.) Ha! what noise is that? It is Nance, and with papers in her hand! Thank heaven, she has them!

Enter NANCE, L. 1 E., with OONAH.

Nan. Yes, I have them. O'Grady tried hard to retain them, but Providence assisted me! Edward O'Connor, here is the deed you seek. (Hands him paper.) Squire Egan, these papers prove my marriage—secure my son's rights! But where is he? I long to clasp him to my heart!

Enter ANDY, R. 1 E.

An. Sure the girls below won't ait thim oysters! They called me names.

Nan. (C.) 'Tis he! My son, come to your mother's arms!

An. Sure, I never had a mother!

Nan. I am your mother, my boy!

An. Are you my mother, Nancy? (Embraces.) Will you try an oyster? Well, it's rather late in the day for me to have a mother!

Nan. You are no more the poor foundling, Andy—you are—but first promise me that you will wed the girl you wooed in poverty.

(Taking Oonah by the hand, who hangs down her head.)

An. I will! I'll do it! I'll marry her to-morrow. I'll marry her to-night if the master 'ill let me?

Nan. Your master, my son—you are no longer a dependent,—you are now the lord of thousands!

An. Lord of thousands—ow! ow! Will I have a gold watch?

Nan. Yes, you are the Earl of Scatterbrain—and more!

Omnes. More?

Nan. Aye, more! The elder branch of the family being dead, you are the Duke of Ulster.

An. Holy farmer! The Juke of Ulster! I'm a juke. You're goin' to be married to a juke, an' do

you know what you'll be then—you'll be a jukess! I'll have two goold watches—an' I'll buy a jauntin' car—an' I'll drive you meself. Nancy—mother, I mane—an' I'll have a goold band on my hat—will that do for a juke? But no matter—I'll remain the same blundering blaggard as ever, but for the present—

My blunders small  
Are ended all,  
So words I will not bandy—  
But if from grief  
You'd seek relief,  
Come and see poor Handy Andy.

CURTAIN.

*Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.*

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OONAH.

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